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1922

HELP FOR MOTHERS

AND FOR OTHERS



Rhymes By
ROBERT W. SANDERS



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BY
ROBERT W. SANDERS



Greenville, S. C.

August, 1922

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Help for mothers and for others—

Help it is, I wish to give;
And, if I can not help somebody,
Why should I care at all to live?

“I Love God and Little Children”.

—Dickens

“And He took them up into his arms, put his hands
upon them, and blessed them”.

—Jesus, Mk. 10:16

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS

In sending forth this little volume of verses, the writer prefers to designate them as Rhymes and not as Poems. Their composer does not claim that they sprang from the fountains of poetic genius, nor that his pen-point caught afire from a poet's burning altar. The little "effusions", however, are more or less characterized by rhyme and rhythm, and may stimulate some wholesome thought and sentiment. The title—"Help For Mothers and For Others"—is explained by the fact that while the composer of the stanzas has had in mind various classes of readers, yet several of the short compositions in "Part One" are designed to assist mothers and other teachers of the young, in child-training. The contents of "Part Two" may serve to kindle healthy thought and feeling—such as the "Voice and Views of Nature-Being" are fitted to encourage. "Part Four", it is hoped, will bring a modicum of comfort and spiritual strength to the old.

In the remaining sections, it is desired that all classes and ages among the readers may find an uplifting and otherwise beneficial influence, as the stanzas are reviewed. A few of the productions have been used in song.

May our Father, our blessed Saviour, and the Holy Spirit so favor the collection as a whole, that the results shall be for the good of mankind and the glory of God.

Some one has said that the better portion of a life in this world, consists of its little nameless and unnumbered acts of kindness and love.

The little snow-flake—Longfellow's "Poem of the Air"—may go whirring and circling on its course, soon to melt away under the over-mastering force of the sunbeam. Yet, its mission from its Maker is none the less fulfilled.

So far as concerns religious child-training, the obligation and advantage of that, are plainly written in "The Book". See Dt. 6:7; Prov. 22:6; Eph. 6:4; 2 Tim. 3:15, and other Scripture of similar tone.

Illustrations of ultimately successful mother-teaching are found in the striking cases of Augustine, Chrysostom, Spurgeon and John Newton, with many others of lesser renown. The Governor of a State said: "I still repeat, at night, the little verse my mother taught me—'Now I lay me down to sleep'"—

R. W. S.

July, 1922.

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I. PART ONE: SHORT RHYMES

Chiefly For Mothers and Children

(a) MOTHER'S PRAYER FOR BABY

1. This child, Dear Lord, Thou gavest me,
Oh, help me train it well for Thee!
Throughout its life, O God, I pray,
Direct it in the perfect way.
2. Lord, shield it, when enticed to sin,
Oh, keep it pure—**Without, within!**
On its career thy blessing send,
Till need of blessings **here** shall end.

(b) MOTHER AND BABY

1. Who first looked into baby's eyes
That seemed like stars in deep blue skies?
'Twas she whom God had made my mother—
To love me more than any other.
2. Who smiled, when first I saw the light
And said, "How lovely is the sight!"
Why, surely 'twas the same dear mother—
She felt such joy as could no other.
3. Who first pressed to my lips a kiss
That gave to her sweet earthly bliss?
Of course, 'twas she—my same good mother—
She felt the thrill, as could no other.
4. Who taught me my first word to say
And showed me how with toys to play?
Again I answer, 'twas my mother—
She taught and played, as did no other.
5. Who taught me first a **prayer** to say,
At fall of night and early day?
I answer still—'twas my own dear mother,
And I am glad 'twas not another.
6. Who'll welcome me, one day, to Heaven,
When entrance there to me is given?
Jesus my Lord, and then my mother,
Yes, mother, mother, precious mother,
Before whom comes, **just one lone other—**
The Lord, the Christ—our "Elder Brother".*

* Suggested by "Mother's Day, in Greenville, S. C., year 1922.

(c) **THROUGH ALL THE DAY**

A Child's Morning Prayer—No. 1

Through all the day I now begin,
I pray Thee, Lord, Keep me from sin;
Help me, each hour, at work or play,
Thy holy precepts to obey.

(d) **LORD, RULE MY HEART AND MIND TODAY**

A Child's Morning Prayer—No. 2

Lord, rule my heart and mind today,
From thy commands let me not stray;
Against temptation make me strong—
Keep me from words and acts of wrong.

(e) **THROUGH SHADES OF NIGHT**

A Child's Evening Prayer—No. 1

Through shades of night that round me close,
O Saviour, grant me sweet repose;
The sins and wrongs I've done, forgive—
Lord, ever bless me while I live.

(f) **THROUGH ANOTHER DAY**

A Child's Evening Prayer—No. 2

Lord, through another day I've come,
Still pressing toward the heavenly home;
Since Thou didn't guide me while 'twas light,
Oh, guard me, 'neath the shades of night.

(g) **SAVIOUR, WALK WITH ME TODAY**

Morning Prayer—No. 1

Saviour, walk with me today,
Control in all I do or say;
Incline my heart always to pray,
And let me **never** from Thee stray.

(h) GO WITH ME, JESUS, THROUGH THIS DAY

Morning Prayer—No. 2

Go with me, Jesus, through This Day,
Uphold and bless me all the way,
When evening shadows round me fall,
Oh, be Thou still, My All In All.

(i) O JESUS, HEAL MY BROKEN HEART

Prayer of the Sorrowful

O Jesus, heal my broken heart,
Drive out its gloom and sadness;
All needed strength, dear Lord, impart,
And fill my soul with gladness.

(j) LORD JESUS, FILL MY HEART WITH LOVE

A Song For All—L. M.

1. Lord Jesus, fill my heart with love,
Make me as "harmless as a dove";
Guide Thou my feet in holy ways
And teach my tongue Thy name to praise.
 2. Instruct my hands to work for Thee,
And help me like Thyself to be;
Through all my days Thy mercies give—
—Take me, at last, with Thee to live.
-

(k) TELL JESUS: Song—S. M.

1. Tell Jesus, troubled soul,
Yea, tell Him, tell Him all;
When waves of sorrow o'er thee roll,
Head this—his tender call:—
2. "Come to me, weary one,
And I will give you rest;
Take on my light and easy yoke,
Bear it, and be thou blest".
3. Come, with your blinding tears,
Or with a cheerful song;
Tell Him, when all with thee seems well,
Or when it all seems wrong.

4. Tell Jesus all your joys,
When stars o'erhead are bright;
Trust his unchanged, unbounded love,
In sorrow s gloomy night.
5. Tell Jesus of thy sin,
And of thine every grief;
He'll give thee peace and joy of heart—
Sweet sense of glad relief.
5. To Jesus bring thy doubts
And thy temptations—all;
His arms of strength will bear thee up,
His love restore each fall.
7. In all thy plans and aims.
He waits thy wants to share;
Thy heart, when anguish'd and in pain,
He'll comfort, keep and cheer.
8. Come, then, tell Jesus All—
All fear, all care, all woe;
For every trial you may bear,
He'll plenteous grace bestow.

II. PART TWO: VOICE AND VIEWS OF NATURE-BEING

(a) A SONGBIRD'S SPEECH TO AN IDLE BOY

1. On tree-top high, at peep of day,
I sing in notes clear, loud and gay;
I then descend onto the ground,
To seek for food that **must** be found.
2. Although you think I squander time
And waste, like you, a father's dime,
Yet, all the day I am at work,
While you but roam, and duty shirk.
3. When evening shadows round me fall—
And night draws near—my mate I call;
My twilight note my mate doth know,
"Now back to rest, **Come, let us go**".
4. Since we, our daily task have done—
And honest toil we did not shun—
Again, 'mid boughs, we'll go to sleep,
Like babes that guardian angels keep.
5. And so, if **you**—rude, laggard boy—
Whose time and strength vain sports employ,
Will heed the sound of duty's voice,
Like singing birds, **you** may rejoice.

(b) A BRAVE BOY'S TALK WITH "JACK FROST": or CONQUERING THE COLD OF EARLY MORNING

1. Old "Jackie Frost", in garment white,
At early morn, a charming sight;
But, going forth, I feel your bite,
And, looking round—behold your blight!
2. Yet, up I'll get, to work I'll go,
Although I dread your **pinching** so;
And when too cold to **sing a song**,
I'll **whistle**, as I **trudge** along.

(c) O LITTLE STAR!

1. I see you there, O Little Star,
Mid sparkling gems—away so far;
How beautiful your shining face,
As you go on your nightly race.
 2. I watch you circling there your round,
Though, as you move, I hear no sound;
Yet, some good mission you fulfill,
According to your Maker's will.
 3. While you pursue your course on high,
Your radiance charms my wistful eye—
The eye that fondly strives to trace
Your onward march through boundless space.
 4. The sun may dim your light, at morn,
The moon, at eve, your twinkling, scorn;
Yet, millions shall again admire,
When sun and moon from view retire.
-

(d) SNOW THOUGHTS

(Suggested by a dismal winter day, when clouds o'er-head were thick and the ground was covered with snow.)

1. A dense white sheet lies spread upon the ground,
No sunshine clear from azure realm illumines the
dank, dark day;
Tonight, no moon-shot rays shall fall around,
Nor twinkling stars their smiling faces show, far,
far away.
2. And yet, beyond the clouds that thicken, late at eve,
Celestial lights will gild their realm with sparkling
gleams;
While dazzling glints their distant orbs will leave
And dart through space—a countless host of glitter-
ing beans!
3. 'Tis so, sometimes, the Son of God doth veil his face—
His cheering smile, forsooth, beyond the clouds
conceal;
But still, we must pursue with faith, our heavenward
race,
Till perfect light, He shall, at last, to us reveal.

(e) I LOVE

1. I love the merry, cheery mountain air,
The zephyr's whisper on the summit fair,
Where silver streams and crystal fountains please;
And, too, I love old ocean's voice and cooling breeze.
2. I love to climb the lofty, sunlit peaks
That tow'r amid the red and purple streaks,
And view the skies, where winged eagles soar;
Yet, none the less I love old ocean's melancholy roar.
3. I love to scale the rocky cliffs on high,
Where heaps of ice and snow forever lie
On crags that briny billows never lave:
And then, I love to stroll along the beach and view
the crested wave!
4. In truth, I never tire of tramping by the heaving sea
Whose sound is but a soothing lullaby to me—
A lullaby as sweet as notes of David's harp and Psalm
That stilled the raging heart of angered Saul, to peace
and calm.

(f) OLD FRIENDLY OAK!

(Written after a visit to my old childhood home, in front of which still stands an oak, now probably seventy-five years old, or more, May, 1922.)

1. Old friendly Oak, of childhood days,
I speak thy honor, sing thy praise;
In youth, I stood beneath thy fold—
I love thee still, though we've grown old.
2. Thy foliage green, thy stately form,
Gave shelter to the birds, in storm;
One Happy Band! we, children played,
At morn, at noon, beneath thy shade.
3. I bid thee now, live on, Old Tree,
To others yet, still friendly be;
And when on thee I look no more,
Bestow thy favors, as of yore.

(g) **THE VOICE OF A FALLING LEAF:—A MID-
WINTER MEDITATION**

1. I came to life in early spring,
When leaves, like birds, all seem to sing;
But now I heed grim winter's call—
And, fading, to the ground I fall.
 2. Yet, as I fall, I voice a truth
Concerning aged ones and youth—
A truth that's true of all mankind,
That each, the falling time shall find.
 3. And while I go, no more to rise—
A crumbling leaf that wilts and dies,
I wish for all the life above—
The life of endless joy and love.
-

(h) **SHIP OF FAITH: LESSON OF A SEAFOWL**

(Suggested by a view off the "Battery", in Charleston,
S. C., where sea-gulls were riding on the waves.)

1. Yon seafowl, with close folded wings
And snow-white, feathered breast,
Now glides aslant the swelling wave,
Then mounts and rides the silver crest.
2. It seems a tiny, little ship,
Adrift on rolling seas—
Now battling with the bleak, wild winds,
Then posing in content and ease.
3. So let my ship of faith, O Lord,
By sin and sorrow driv'n,
Pursue its course, controlled by Thee,
Till anchored safe in Heav'n!

(i) THE MUSIC OF NATURE

"Music is the Soul of Nature".—Poe.

"The heart of Nature-Being is everywhere music, if we can only reach it".—Carlyle.

"The music of the moon sleeps in the plain egg of the nightingale."—Tennyson.

1. There's Music in the ocean's roar—
Songs in the skies where eagles soar;
We hear the ceaseless voice of mirth,
In cheerful tones, throughout the earth.
2. The moon and stars make merry sound,
As they go on their nightly round;
The sun likewise joins in the song—
As on his way he moves along.
3. The birds of air lift up their voice—
At morn and eve, in song rejoice;
Their notes, though hushed at fall of night,
Will sound again, in morning's light.
4. There's music in the vales and hills,
In mountain streams and purling rills;
There's music in the deep blue sky,
Where beauty charms the wistful eye,
And drifting clouds, at leisure, fly.
5. Come, let us join with Nature's throng
And raise our voice in cheerful song
To Him whose praise, in daily round,
Glad "harpers' harps", ne'er cease to sound.

III. PART THREE: FOR AMUSEMENT

(Perhaps the writer owes the reader an apology for the four rhymes—a, b, c, d—that follow, under the name of “Amusement”. If they are only a budget of nonsense, he hopes that their effect will be, at least, without harm.)

(a) A DOGGEREL ON A DOG

While pastor in Kline, S. C., occasionally I went hunting. Sometimes, “Jack”, a pointer of Mr. J. L. Bradley, went with me about the fields and forests. He became very fond of me, and would go searching for me when he missed me. “Jack” really seemed to know that I traveled on the trains of the Southern Railway. And so, sometimes he met me at the depot upon my arrival, and showed how glad he was to see me. I prized his love and valued his services in hunting quail. Becoming tired of rambling, one day, when “Jack” was with me, I sat down to rest. While in this attitude, **substantially** the following doggerel was penciled.

-
1. There is a dog in town of Kline—
He's called, “Jim Bradley's Jack”;
His hair is white and soft and fine—
He loves the preacher's track.
 2. He goes with him by night or day,
On lonely ride or walk;
He shows his love along the way,
Although he can not talk.
 3. Sometimes he meets me at the train—
'Mid crowds of white and black;
In sunshine fair, 'neath clouds, in rain—
I'm hailed by “**Bradley's Jack**”!

(b) WHY RATS AND CATS?

The cats seem made to eat the rats—
The rats seem made to feed the cats;
And so, it really seems, that that's
The only use for **rats** and **cats**.

(c) ON AND OFF THE TRAIL

If you **get** weary on the trail,
Just cut out t. and ride a rail;
Next, drop the r., and feel an ail.
Now, prefix s.—your kite **set** sail;
For s. place t., and **pull** the tail.
Again, from "tail", go back to "trail",
Leave out tr., and write it **snail**—
A creeping thing, fond of the ~~vail~~, *vale*
Whose laggard gait we all bewail.

(d) OLD NIMROD BILL AND THE RABBIT

1. Old Nimrod Bill
Ran up the hill—
A chasin' of a rabbit;
He says: "I see your cotton tail,
And now I'm g'wine to grab it".
2. Then reaching forth his eager hands,
He fell upon the ground;
He missed his aim, and there he lay—
Just gazin', all around.
3. He then arose and started back,
Upon the way to roam;
He slowly walked along the road
That led him to his home.
4. When he arrived, he told his wife,
The rabbit got away;
He said: "I nearly lost my life—
A fool I've been today
5. "And if again I ever go,
A chasin' of a rabbit,
I'll never run him up a hill,
Nor try, by tail, to grab it."

IV. PART FOUR: FOR THE AGED CHRISTIAN; OR, LOOKING HEAVENWARD

(a) THE CROWN—2 Tim. 4:7-8

1. Lord, let me see the "laid-up crown",
When to the Judgment Thou shalt call;
Take me where suns shall ne'er go down,
And stars of light shall never fall.
 2. 'Tis there, redeemed, thy saints rejoice
And angel-harps ne'er cease their sound;
'Tis there we'll hear thine own blest voice
And sing God's praise, in endless round.
-

(b) AS I GO TOTTERING ON MY WAY

1. As I go tottering on my way,
Uphold me, Saviour, through each day;
Lord, thou hast helped me—help me still—
To trust in thee and do thy will.
 2. When on the way I faint and fall,
And hear thy solemn, closing call,
Oh, give my soul a speedy flight
To realms of pure and endless light.
-

(c) CLIMBING UPWARD

I'm climbing toward the sun-lit peak,
Still pressing on—sinsick and weak;
But, bye and bye, I'll hear the word—
"Come, Be Forever With Thy Lord".

(d) WHEN DEATH'S COLD WATERS O'ER ME ROLL

When death's cold waters o'er me roll,
O Lord, in peace receive my soul;
In thy blest Home, oh, let me share
The bliss of those who serve Thee there.

(e) OLD SONGS OF ZION. L. M.

(In memory of old-time worship in country churches)

1. Sweet, solemn lays—prelude of Heaven,
Glad notes like those by angels given,
When they unite in strains of love,
In praise of Christ, enthroned above.
 2. Help us, O Lord, such songs to bring,
As saints of yore were wont to sing
In worship at the Mercy Seat,—
Where angels and thy people meet.
-

(f) I SING OF HIM

I sing of Him, once crucified,
But now forever glorified;
I trust his all-prevailing plea,
In intercessions made for me.

(g) GRACE DIVINE AND LOVE SUPREME

'Tis grace divine the work begins,
'Tis love supreme, blots out our sins;
'Tis grace and love, the whole blest way
That lead through Christ, to ceaseless day.

(h) FACING THE STORM—Matt. 14:22-32

When on life's sea I face the storm,
'Mid dangers, Lord, make plain thy form;
Grant strength and skill to "man the sail",
Till ship is anchored "in the veil".

(i) FOR GRACE I ASK

For grace to aid me, Lord, I ask,
Till I complete my earthly task;
And when the end on earth shall come,
Lord, give me grace to bring me home!

V. PART FIVE: MISCELLANEOUS VERSES, DEVOTIONAL AND EMOTIONAL

Some of the following compositions, and also a few in the preceding "Parts", have appeared in the public prints. Quite a number, however, have not heretofore ventured to come into the light, to take the chances of turning into shreds under the critic's knife.

Several of the little productions have enjoyed favorable comment. The others await with some fear and trembling the verdict of the jury and the sentence of the Court.

If any merit attaches to the collection as a whole, the world will be the better; and if not, possibly, it may be none the worse.

R. W. S.

(1) THE FATHER'S MALLET AND CHISEL*

(For Suffering Ones)

1. The mallet drives the chisel deep
Through heartstrings bruis'd and torn asunder;
Beneath each stroke I wince and weep,
And what it means, I can but wonder.
2. And yet, I'm sure God's hand doth guide
The steel that tears and tortures so;
And Jesus stands close by my side—
His love and sympathy to show.
3. Sometimes I pray the pain I bear
May end, and ease at once be mine,
But **this**, the answer that I hear—
"Sufficient grace, my child, is thine".
4. Thus ends my prayer to cease the blow,
For by His grace the victory's won;
If pain is best, Lord, be it so—
Thy will, O Father-God, be done!

* Composed in sickness, January, 1922.

(2) DOUBT AND FAITH—A Colloquy in Rhyme

(a) Doubt:

If only I could surely know
That He who notes the lilies grow,
Were watchful thus always of me—
My cares and fears, each hour to see—
How great my joy and peace would be!

(b) Faith:

Why should you not most surely know
That what you wish is even so?
The Lord himself hath said 'tis true
Alike of lilies and of you:
So, all you ask in faith, He'll do.

(c) Doubt:

Well, now, if I could but recall,
That He who **sees the sparrows fall**,
Were ever thoughtful thus of me—
What'er my wants and wishes be,
To give me constant sympathy—
How far away my fears would flee!

(d) Faith:

Then, hear his words—**his words receive**,
List to his promise, and believe!
For He who makes the lilies grow,
And in whose strength the sparrows go,
Hath said, in truth, He cares for **all**,
Who trust in Him and on Him call.

(e) Doubt Blooming Into Faith:

His words believed, now cheer my heart
And to my soul new strength impart!
Ah, He who doth the lilies see,
My guide and guard will ever be
Till "**Welcome Home**" he speaks to me!

(3) A PRAYER FOR PEACE*

Great God of All, list to the cry
Ascending now for peace;
Bid carnal hate and conflict die—
Let war and bloodshed cease.

* Written and published during the World War of 1914-1918.

Rule Thou, O Lord, in distant lands,
Where death and malice reign;
Subdue the rage of battling bands—
The wrath of men restrain.

Oh, pity, Lord, a suffering world,
From grief and pain release;
Let emblems white, aloft unfurled,
Greet olive branch of peace.

Where gatling gun and cannon roar
And shrieks of anguish rise,
Let dove-like forms uplifted, soar—
And luster limn the skies.

Then, far beyond the fields of strife,
Extend Thy rule as King;
Send forth the word of endless life,
Till all Thy praise shall sing.

(4) A CHRISTMAS MORNING SONG*

1. Hail, hail, O joyous Christmas morn!—
Reminder of the Saviour born
In Bethlehem, the sacred town,
Forever since, of "blest renown."
2. 'Twas thither once a prophet went
And for a youthful shepherd sent,
Who, coming from his humble fold,
Of kingly honors was foretold.
3. And now an angel comes to bring
"Good news"—while other angels sing;
They sing of One of lowly birth
Who comes to save the lost of earth.
4. "Fear not"—that angel said—"Behold,
Glad tidings, I to you unfold;
For unto you is born a king
Whose praise, Redemption's host shall sing."

* See I Sam. XVI. and Lu. II.
Published in Calendar of First Baptist Church, Greenville, S. C.,
Dec., 1919.

Composed Christmas, 1916, while pastor of First Baptist Church,
Charleston, S. C.

Acknowledgement is made to Miss Lucia B. Cook—a Greenville
poetess—for a helpful suggestion on the phraseology of the 4th line
of the first stanza.

5. Oh, list! for now in sweetest lays
The heav'nly throng hosannas raise:—
"To God be glory, high in Heav'n,
Good will and peace, to men be giv'n."
6. Come, every soul, with grateful song—
Come, join this holy angel-throng;
The name of Jesus let us laud
And spread His glory all abroad.

(5) A MOTHER TO HER CHRISTIAN CHILD IN DEATH

Henry Clay Jenkins, a noble Christian boy—quite young died in Kline, S. C. He was the son of James A. Jenkins, Jr., and Maggie Creech Jenkins. In imagining some of his pious Mother's thoughts concerning him, the following lines were written:

Sleep on, My Child, free from all fears—
Unconscious of thy Mother's tears;
Forever rest from pains and cares—
Beyond the reach of strife;
Yea, rest, my precious, lovely son,
My noble, true, and cherished one;
By grace through faith, thy race is run—
The race that led to endless life.

(6) TRUST IN TIME OF STORM AND PERIL

Composed after walking on the beach at "Ocean View"
near Wilmington, N. C., year 1883

1. God of the seas, I'm tempest-tost,
Grim peril's gulfs on every side,
Yet, in thy hands, none can be lost,
Though storm and boist'rous waves betide.
2. Lord of the winds, the gale is high,
Old ocean's roar is mad and wild;
Yet, in Thy arms, secure I lie—
Content, serene—a trusting child.
3. Bright hosts—now saints—have long passed o'er
Time's ever rolling, heaving deep;
So grant me, Lord, to reach yon shore—
Oh, for this boon thy servant keep!
4. There in thy presence, may I fall
And worship at my Saviour's feet;
There join in praising Him—**My All**—
With myriads round the Mercy Seat.

(7) "LET NOT YOUR HEART BE TROUBLED". S. M.

(A Paraphrase. See Jno. 14)

1. Now, banish every fear
That rises in your heart;
Restrain the bitter, burning tear,
Though I with you must part.
2. My peace with you I leave,
My peace to you I give;
By faith that peace, children, receive—
Trust God, trust me—so, live.
3. In Mansions Fair above,
I will prepare your Home;
And then, some day, in boundless love,
Again for you I'll come:—
4. Will come that you with me
'Mid heav'nly joys may dwell,
My Father's House, may with me see,
Whose glory none can tell.
5. The Holy Spirit, too,
Shall with you here abide—
The Comforter, forever true—
Your safe and faithful Guide.

(8) **THY WAY IS BEST: PEACE, AFTER A
STRUGGLE AGAINST GOD'S WILL**

1. In anguish keen and sad lament,
I sought the path of rest;
My peace-less soul, in doubting asked—
"Is not **my way the best?**"
2. My heart was aching, clam'ring, too,
Aye, **breaking** to be blest;
But selfish love again inquir'd—
"Will not **my way** bring rest?"
3. In brief and darkness **deeper**, now,
Though peace was still in quest—
My proud, rebellious spirit said,
"I think **my way is best.**"
4. With harder chast'ning of me, then,
My Lord prolonged the test,
Until, at last, I cried again,
"**Where, O My God, is rest!**"

5. I prayed and wept, I wept and prayed,
 "Dear Saviour, grant me peace—
 Oh, take the burden off my heart,
 And send the sought release!"
6. Just then I seemed to hear a moan
 'Neath Olive's rounded crest—
 A wail from Him who, praying, said:—
 "O Father, give me rest!"
7. 'Twas 'mid the shade of gnarly trees
 Wrapt in the pale moon-light,
 He saw ahead, the thorns and nails—
 Athwart the pall of night.
8. He prayed, as we must sometimes pray,
 In gloom and agony—
 "Oh, let this cup of gall be past,
 If so Thy will decree!"
9. The "Father" did not let it "pass"—
 An angel came, at length,
 And gave the suffering 'Son of Man'
 Support and needful strength.
10. Then, calm, serene, He rose and went
 To bear his Father's will;
 In face of foes and death, could say:
 "Peace, trusting heart, BE STILL!"
11. In following Thee by faith, O Lord,
 We find the path of rest;
 We tread the shining way thus found,
 And sing: "THY WAY IS BEST!"*

* In tracing the line of experience and mental strife running through these stanzas to the final attainment of peaceful resignation, the Christian reader will see more clearly the writer's thought and purpose, by reading the account of our Lord's struggle and relief, as recorded in Matt. 26; Lu. 22; Mk. 14.

(9) UNVEIL THY FACE, O LORD, TO ME

(Written in a season of spiritual depression)

1. Unveil Thy Face, O Lord, To Me,
 And through the clouds wide-rifted,
 And cold, damp mists uplifted
 Thy radiant smile, oh, let me see!
2. As on the Mount the Favored Three
 Beheld thy face all-glorified,
 And Two from Heaven appeared, beside,
 Lord, grant that I so blest may be!

3. Of Thee, let visions fair and bright—
A blessing great and rarest,
To those for whom Thou carest—
Illume my way with holy light!
4. But, visions if thou dost withhold,
Then, speak some word "out of the cloud"—
A **whisper**, if no word aloud—
To thrill my heart with joy untold.

(10) CREED AND CHRISTIAN LIFE

(a) Some One Wrote:—

1. "God send us men whose aim 'twill be,
Not to defend some ancient creed,
But to live out the laws of right,
In every thought and word and deed".

(b) My Reply:

1. If men be sent who have **no creed**,
They will not meet the greatest need;
'Tis he always, best **deeds can do**,
Who holds **belief and doctrine true**.
2. True, "without works, our faith is dead",
For so the sacred writer said;
But **deeds**, alas! **true faith aside**,
Fail of the good that shall abide.
3. So, prove by works the "ancient creed",
Hold fast the Truth, and sow the seed;
These two, as one, together stand—
A full response to God's demand.

(11) THE TRUMPET CALL

1. From mountain-tops the trumpets sound—
Their echoes thrill the vales around:
"Go, tell of Jesus crucified,
Who rose from death, was glorified".
2. From lands afar beyond the sea,
A voice appeals to you and me;
Oh, hear the loud, distressing call:—
"From chains of sin, **Come**, disenthral!"
3. It is the Macedonian cry
Of millions that in anguish lie;
No longer do we dare delay
To go, to send, to give, to pray.

(12) A CENTENNIAL HYMN:—1821-1921*

L. M.—Duke Street

1. Our fathers' God, "Ancient of Days",
Attune our tongues to sing thy praise;
To Thee who art, for aye, the same,
We lift our voice in Jesus' name.
2. We laud Thee—Father, Spirit, Son,
Great Triune God, blest Three in One—
Our "Stone of Help" with thanks we place,
And mercies past with gladness trace.
3. We tread the way the Pilgrims trod
And bend in homage to their God;
The harvest of their toil we reap,
Help us, O Lord, "the faith to keep".
4. With fervent zeal they ran their race—
Proclaimed with pow'r thy saving grace;
Of sin and endless death they told,
Yet, pointed to the streets of gold.
5. They sang of Jesus and his love—
Adored the Holy "Heav'ly Dove",
Declared the Word divinely giv'n,
A lamp to guide the way to Heav'n.
6. Arm us, O Lord, with sword of truth,
With helmet crown old age and youth;
Protect us with faith's burnished shield,
Until our foes the contest yield.
7. Embolden us to bear the cross
Our fathers bore, through gain and loss;
Help us pursue the tasks begun,
Till labors end and crowns are won.
8. Uphold us while the conflict's on,
Bid Satan's hosts dismayed, "Be Gone!"
Our hearts keep true, undaunted, brave,
Till victory's banners o'er us wave.

* This hymn was sung at the Centennial of the Baptist State Convention, Greenville, S. C., December, 1921. Kind friends have written and spoken to the writer most favorably of it. Its reception has surpassed the composer's expectation. His prayer is that God may bless it as a reminder of the Fathers in whose memory it is gladly sent forth, and use it as an inspiration to those who shall inherit the fruit of their devotion. The composer acknowledges helpful suggestions of Rev. W. H. Dowling, and of members of the Committee on the Centennial Programme.

9. Our watchword,—“Onward”, ever be!
Till we our Saviour’s face shall see;
Lord, Thou hast led—still lead, we pray,
Through hazy dawn to perfect day!
10. At last, when robed in garments white—
’Mid radiant scenes of heav’nly light,
We, at thy blessed feet shall fall,
And hail and crown Thee Lord of All.

Scripture References—Dan. 7:9, 13, 22; I Sam. 7:12; Psalm 119:105; Matt. 3:16; Ephes. 6:11-17; Rev. 2:10; Rev. 22:4; 2 Tim. 4:8; Rev. 7:14; Jude 3.

(13) DEDICATORY HYMN, COMPOSED BY PASTOR, R. W. SANDERS, Kline, S. C., July 1910*

L. M.—(a) Section one: Tune, Hebron

1. To Thee, O God, our Father, King,
This house—a gift of love—we bring;
Inspire our hearts that we may raise
To Thee the notes of grateful praise.
2. To Thee, exalted Saviour, now,
Within these courts we meekly bow;
While we Thy holy praises sing,
Let Heav’n with glad hosannas ring.
3. O Holy Spirit, heav’nly Guide,
Fill Thou our souls—with us abide;
May anthems to Thy name ascend,
Like seraph-strains that never end.
4. Accept our gift—and us—today,
O Tri-une God, and with us stay!
Blot out our guilt—confessed in tears—
Impart a faith exempt from fears.

(b) Section two: Tune, Old Hundred

5. Here may true “men of God” proclaim
Life—endless life—in Jesus’ name;
Lord, let obedi’nce to Thy law
Be rendered here in sacred awe.

* Sung at the dedication of Kline, S. C., Baptist church, July, 1910, and at the dedication of the Sunday school building of the First Baptist church, Greenville, S. C., 1914, Dr. G. W. Quick, pastor.

6. When we no more shall crowd these walls—
When each to death a victim falls—
May others to this place repair
With hearts of love and praise and prayer.
7. Let all, at last, be gathered home—
To Thee, O Jesus, let us come!
Grant us a welcome 'mid the throng
That worships Thee with perfect song!
8. Then in the "Mansions" of the skies,
When up to glory we arise,
The voice of endless joy we'll raise,
And vie with angels, Thee to praise.

(14) MY OLD COLLEGE BELL

(Respectfully dedicated to his former teachers, classmates and fellow-students in Furman University, 1867-1871, and to their successors indefinitely.)

1. Old College Bell, I love thee well—
How well, no song of mine can tell;
But this I know—and know it well—
I love thee, love thee, Campus Bell.
2. I heard thee long ago, old Bell,
Send forth thy notes through copse and dell;
Thy solemn tones still tell—still tell
Of those glad days of youth, Dear Bell.
3. Sweet are thy peals today, My Bell,
As o'er the hills their echoes swell;
Deep in my soul fond mem'ries dwell—
Thy melody's unbroken spell!
4. Though of departed days, Old Bell,
Thy tones to me are now the knell,—
I love thy music just as well
As in my youth, Dear College Bell.
5. Ring out, ring on, My Cherished Bell,
Old joys to wake, new griefs to quell;
Of friends now gone thy voice doth tell,
Yet, sweet—so sweet—thy sound, My Bell.
6. Ring loud, ring long, beloved Bell,
Thy tones through coming ages swell;
And when to us thou bidst "Farewell",
Still charm our sons by thy sweet spell!

Having submitted the above stanzas for criticism to Miss Lucia B. Cook, daughter of Prof. and Mrs. H. T. Cook, her quick reply was as follows:—

“Dear Dr. Sanders:

“I like your Bell, your Furman Bell,
Which you in song have sung so well.
Long may it call to study hour
While swinging there in Furman's tower.

“Some others, like yourself, I know,
Who went to college long ago,
In reminiscent tones could tell
Their thoughts about that Furman Bell.

“To some the sound was not so sweet
Because they went with laggard feet—
While those who knew their lessons well
Were glad to hear the Campus Bell.

“No wonder that the sound is dear
To you who listen, year by year—
There's just one bell with sweeter sound
And this one rings the whole year round.

“It calls our thoughts to higher things,
As every Sunday morn it rings,
It helps the glad good news to tell—
You know I mean the ‘First Church Bell.’”

—Lucia B. Cook.

(15) TRIBUTE TO THE SAINTED DEAD

(Written, substantially, upon reading a press despatch announcing the death of my old teacher and friend,
Dr. Wm. H. Whitsitt)

1. Fond, loving tribute I would pay
In honor of the sainted dead—
The ransomed one, whose soul away,
To “fields of living green” has fled.
2. We're marching on the way he trod,
And tilling now the same good soil;
We bow in worship of his God
And gather fruitage from his toil.
3. He's gone within the pearly gates
Where tears ne'er dim the Christian's eyes,
He sings the song of joy, and waits
To chant our welcome in the skies.

(16) HIS DEATH*

(Composed after reading notice of the death of Dr. J. B. Hartwell, missionary to the Chinese for fifty-six years. He was one of the earliest graduates of Furman University, and had long been known and greatly esteemed by the present writer.)

1. His death was but a blest transition
Across the river to heav'n's fruition—
The end on earth of tribulation,
A peaceful change—a sweet translation.
2. 'Twas breaking off the prisoner's fetter,
Exchanging life for life that's better;
'Twas setting free, for realms of light,
Where joys ne'er end nor sins e'er blight.
3. 'Twas keeping up the old relation
With Christ his all—the sure salvation—
The **acme** of "The old, old story"
That tells the way to fadeless glory.

* Dr. Hartwell spoke of death as but a continued and more blessed relation to the Saviour.

(17) A YEAR IN HEAVEN

"Clarice" Damon, young member of the Sunday school, First Baptist church, Charleston, S. C., was drowned off Sullivan's Island. She had impressed the writer, then pastor of that church, with her Christian spirit. One year after her death, he wrote the following stanzas. They were published in The Baptist Courier, and twice used by others in the same journal.

1. A year in Heaven, of sinless rest,
With Christ her Lord supremely blest;
There pain and tears forever cease—
And she abides in perfect peace.
2. She now beholds Him on his throne—
Thence smiling on her as his own;
She joins in songs, sung only there—
Sweet, sacred strains, free from all care.
3. Oh, glorious thought, now to be meet,
Prostrate to fall at Jesus' feet;
To sing, "My Lord, to Thee I've come,
To dwell with Thee in Thy blest home".

4. To loved ones here she'll ne'er return,
Though for such boon fond hearts may yearn,
Yet, they, at last, may enter there—
The bliss of Heav'n with her to share.
-

(18) **EPITAPH OF A LITTLE BOY**

(Written by Request)

1. His life on earth indeed was brief,
Yet, was not spent in vain;
And though we've laid him down, in grief,
We know he'll wake to life again.
2. His mortal form, here 'neath the sod,
Shall moulder back to dust,
But he shall hear the voice of God,
And dwell, for aye, among the just.
-

(19) **HIS CONSTANT LOVE**

1. Give Thou, O Lord, thy constant love to me,
As gavest Thou the morning meal by ancient Galilee,
To those who'd ~~toil~~ through weary, fruitless night—
Then, saw Thee on the friendly beach in early light.
2. As they, the children of thy tender care,
Partook of "meat" Thou didst for them prepare,
So, grant me, Lord, thy grace as freely given,
And feed my hungry soul with daily bread of Heaven.
-

(20) **SIN, PARDON, AND PEACE**

How prone to err, we mortals are,
O Lord, how full of sin!
But Thou hast borne our guilt afar,
Thou givest peace within.

(21) **"THEY SHALL SEE HIS FACE"—Rev. 22: 4**

How blest, dear Lord, thy face to see,
And ever in thy presence be!
Thy glory there we shall behold,
And taste of joys on earth untold!

(22) LORD, GUIDE MY SHIP

Lord, guide my ship through ocean's trail,
Choose Thou its course, in each detail,
Thou, Lord, whose love doth never fail,
'Mid rolling seas, "**Man Thou the Sail**".

(23) A SONG OF PRAISE. L. M.

1. The sun, the moon, and stars of light,
Show forth God's glory and his might,
In ceaseless round, by night and day,
His majesty and love, display.
 2. Sing, O ye angels, of his power,
Ye men, adore Him, every hour;
And then, in holy, endless lays,
Let all the world, the Saviour praise—
The Saviour who, from sin to save,
His blood and life, a ransom gave.
-

Amen!

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